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THE OBSERVATOR.

Of the Scarcity of News. Of the Whisking Doctor in Southwark. *On the News from Gibraltar. Of the* Cevennois.

From Wednesday March the 14th, to Saturday March the 17th, 1705.

Obs. NOW I hope thou hast got a whole Budget full of News?

Country-m. Upon my Country Word but very little. The Foreign Prints, they tell me at *London*, are not arrived, so that all the News-Papers are Barren, except *Dyers* Letter, and he, you know, has a Mint of Lies in his Noddle: I don't know how to furnish you with Subject Matter for the present Conference, and therefore, if you please, we'll proceed on the Subject Matter of the last Conference.

Obs. Mankind are delighted with Novelties; Variety is the Glory of the Creation; I am afraid thou hast taken too large a Dose of *Derby* this Journey, which, like the Waters of *Lathe*, destroys the Memory. Can'st remember nothing of what the People said?

Country-m. I heard 'em talking at a Coffee-House of a strange thing, that not one Tradesman had broke in three or four Days Time.

Obs. I am sure I shall break in a short Time, if thou dost not furnish me better with News, or find Subjects proper for Publick Information.

Country-m. I have Subjects enough, but I won't open that Budget as yet: You must not walk upon Stilts, when there are so many People ready to throw you down; in this Month 'tis proper to *Cleanse*, and not to *Heat* the Blood.

Obs. Prithee, Man, tell me something; let's have a little *Chat*, all *October* will never do. Hast got ever a *Pocky-Bill?* Something or other I pray you.

Country-m. No, never another Reverend Divine is turn'd *Quack*, as I know of: But I heard an Account of a Plaguy Doctor, the *Whisking Preacher*, that kept Shop at *Turners-Hall*, and turn'd up his Mustachoes like a Fury, has now taken a Ware-House in *Southwark*, where he smuggles Prohibited Divinity.

Obs. Prithee, what Lock is he upon now? What Customers can he expect in private Trade?

Country-m. As many as he desires; he has gather'd a Congregation of Forty *Infidels* like himself, and will admit no more; if you would down on your Knees and pray for an Admission you can't be receiv'd; for he says the *Day of Grace* is over, and all the World is Damn'd but his Forty Disciples; he has a set Day of *Cursing*, wherein he *Curses* all that are not of his Flock, and sends 'em Head and Shoulders to the Devil.

Obs. Our Church keeps but one *Ash-Wednesday* in a Year; but Doctor *Whisker* has a Power of 'em it seems.

Country-m. Abundance of 'em. He *Curses* all but themselves, but more particularly those that have been of his Congregation and have left him; they are *Fall'n Angels* to all Intents and Purposes, and no more able to get into Heaven, than *Robin Hog* is able to be an *Honest Man*. These are the *Sons* of *Perdition*, who have had their Smellers Snipt by the Men of the World, so that they can't *Smell* out the way to *Bliss* like the *Cats* of *Grace*.

Obs. Prithee, does he not except Persons? Must all be Damn'd?

Country-m. Yes, yes; every Mothers Son and Daughter; All, I tell you, that are not of his Congregation; All that have not the mark of Grace upon 'em, which, in his Sense, is, those that have no *Whiskers*; and all such as have the mark of the Beast upon 'em, that is, all such as wear *Perriwigs*, which are of the Hair of the Whore of *Babylon*, all these go to Hell as round as a Hoop.

Obs. This *Whore of Babylon* has a deal of Hair to furnish all the *Perriwig-makers* in *England*.

Country-m. Every Woman that is not of his Congregation is a *Whore of Babylon*, and every Man that wears a *Perriwig* is a *Rogue of Babylon*.

Obs. Now I think on't, this *Whisking Preacher* lives in the District of the *Calves-Head Justice*, I wonder he has not been upon his Back before now.

Country-m. No, no, he deals in *Taylors*, not in *Parsons*: But, Master, is it not a sad thing that such an *Enthusiast*, if not a *Blasphemer*, should be Tolerated?

Obs. That's none of my Business, call another Cause.

Country-m. You're mighty Nice, methinks. Come, Master, here's a good Health to the Prince of *Hesse D' Armstadt*.

Obs. Why that Princes Health above others?

Country-m. Drink off your Bumper, and I'll tell you such a Story from *Gibraltar*, that will rejoyce the Cockles of your Heart.

Obs. I shall oblige you in any thing to get a little News in this Time of Scarcity.

Country-m. There is an Express come from *Lisbon*, that brings the last News from *Gibraltar*, which says, That our Garrison there has maul'd the *French* and *Spaniards* at a Confounded Rate; they beat 'em from Post to Pillow, from I can't tell how many places with hard Names, that I don't understand: And here's a Letter Printed in the *Post-Man*, that was written by an Engineer in the place, which says, *The Prince of* Hesse *is the Soul of our Garrison. I never saw the like. He Sleeps neither Day nor Night: He is General, Engineer, Gunner, Carpenter, Mason, Soldier, Pioneer and every thing else, which you may be sure cannot but Encourage our Soldiers.* Now, Master, does not His Highnesses Health deserve Drinking? Is he not a Brave Man?

Obs. He ever was so, and his Fidelity in the *Common Cause*, when he was Governour and General in *Catalonia*, in the late War, justly Recommended him to a Post in this; nothing can animate Soldiers more than the Forwardness of their General in the time of Action; for the Courage and Undauntedness of but a single Person, in the time

of

of Battle, is like Yawning in Company, it puts all into the same Condition.

We have now got the way of Beating the *French*; but we must not Attribute it to our own Cunning, or any new turn of Policy in War; we have for many Years been too Proud to imitate the methods of our Ancestors, which at last we find necessary to Conquest, I mean *Fighting the Enemy close*: We might have pop'd away our Powder at *Hogstedt*, without the Glory of so Eminent a Victory, had we not charg'd home; the *French* love to see their Enemies Swords by their sides, and not in their hands, and had rather try who are the best Marks-men, than decide the Fate of War by Club-Musket; and since they have got that Trick at *Gibraltar* of charging Sword in Hand, I believe the *French* and *Spaniards* will soon have their Bellies full of that Enterprize.

We might say the like of our Sea Affairs, in Relation to Engagements, were it not for fear of offending some, who think themselves much Wiser than our Fore-fathers, tho' they never presented us with such *Signal Victories*; but surely Sir *Cloudsley Shovel* gave us such a clear view of the Advantage of Fighting the *French* close at Sea, but the last Year, in the *Mediterranean*, that we need hope for nothing more than another Opportunity of meeting the *French*, and Fighting them as he then did.

The Affair of *Gibraltar* has employ'd the Thoughts of many People, some wonder'd why we took it; but, for my part, I wonder how we have kept it so long, which indeed, next the Providence of God, must be Attributed to true *English Courage*, for I must tell you, that the Besiegers have approved themselves better Men than at first I thought them to be, which makes me conclude they are pick'd Troops, and the loss of so many of them before that Town will prove a greater Let, than the taking of the Place would Facilitate the Duke *D' Anjou*'s Fate.

Yet I am not out of all Pain for *Gibraltar*; *Pointi* is before it with a Squadron of Ships, the Garrison is Besieged by Land and Sea, I hope Sir *John Leak* will arrive Timely to its Relief; till then nothing but Courage and Resolution can defend the Place and preserve it. The next Letters from thence will give us an Account, not only how it is, but how it will be: The Decisive Stroke will be struck, and I pray God it may be for the Honour of *England*, and the Good of the Common Cause. —— But, *Country-man*, I bid you enquire after the Marquiss *Miermont*; have you done it?

Country-m. Yes, Master, I have, and a great many of the Men that the Marquiss has Listed are Actually arrived in the Country of *Vaux*, where are also a Company of *Camisars*, who could not get into the Valleys of *Piedmont*. This disturbs the *French* very much, so that they give out, these *Camisars* are to be joyn'd by 4 or 5000 *Protestants*, who are to March into *Savoy*, a thing they much dread.

Obs. I pray God encrease their Fears.

Country-m. But, Master, they say at *London*, I mean the *Pinnacle Men*, say so, That these *Camisars*, *Cevennois*, what d'ye call 'em? Are *Wicked Fellows*, in *Rebellion*, that they are not *True Protestants*, that they have no *Steeples* to their *Churches*, and have no such Godly Priests among 'em, as Parson *Lesley* and *Sellers*.

Obs. Now you mention Parson, *Forty One*, *Lesley*, did they not say those People were concerned in the Murther of K. *Charles* 1st. nay, were they not at Goody *Stums* Tavern, in the *Burrough*, last 30th of *January*? What Lyes will not the *High-Flying* Party Invent, to carry on the Cause of *Popery* and *Perkin*?

But, Honest *Country-man*, I'll tell thee, those *Protestants* in the Valleys of *Piedmont* and *Lucern*, and in the *Cevennes*, are much *Better Christians* than any of our *High-Churchmen*; and tho' they have been *Gods Persecuted Church*, yet have they been the *Particular Care of Providence* in all Ages; God has own'd 'em for His in the ways of His *Justice* and *Mercy*; and tho' He has suffer'd the Wicked to make long Furrows on their Backs, yet has He Preserv'd 'em as His *Jewels*, to bear a Testimony, as at this Day.

It is Evident from History, that these *Protestants* were so, long before the *Reformation*; the *Vandois* had the Bible among 'em in their Valleys, times Immemorial. Nay, if we may believe an Enemy, *viz. Reynerius*, the Fryar, from the very days of the Apostles. The Blessed *Waldo* of *Lyons*, recieved the Bible from them, and here began the Reformation, from hence *The Day Spring from on High*, Visited the Dark Corners of the Earth, tho' opposed by the *Clouds* and *Mists* of *Error* and *Superstition*, and Oppugn'd by the *Malice* and *Hatred* of the *Popish Powers*.

But as in the Creation, when the Almighty said, *Let there be Light, there was Light*; so this Light, from a Dawning Beam, began to spread it self. *Joseph*, a Disciple of *Waldo*, Preached the Gospel in *Dauphiny*; *Henry* and *Eperon*, in *Languedoc*; and *Arnold Hor*, in *Albigois*; all these Died Faithful Martyrs for the Cause of Christ, and Seal'd the Truth with their Blood, as did many of their Followers.

Notwithstanding which, the Gospel still Flourish'd, which caused *Pope Innocent* the 3d, to Publish his *Croisadoes*, with Plenary Remission of all Sins, to such as would engage to Murther the *Hereticks*, as he call'd the *Protestants*; by which means many of them were cut off, and all Powers that Encouraged them were to be cut off also, as were the K. of *Arragon*, the Counts *de Tholouse*, *Beziers*, and *Carcassone*.

The Gospel still flourish'd, *Zinglius*, *Luther* and *Calvin* spread it over *Germany*, *France*, the *Cantons* of the *Switzers*, and many other places in *Europe*; so that in Time they had Regular Churches and Discipline, according to the Canon of the Scriptures, till such Time as the Devil entered into *Lewis* the 14th of *France*, who, like a Wild Boar of the Forrest, destroy'd their Churches, Murder'd their Ministers, and by Cruel Oppressions forc'd some to fly to other Countries, others to Fastnesses and Places of Security, as the *Cevennes*, where after Innumerable Persecutions, they yet stand a Remnant of *Gods Heritage* in Defence of their *Holy Religion*.

Country-m. Now have I found out the Reason why our *High-Flyers* were against the Queens assisting those People, 'twas because they began the *Reformation*. Well, Master, if all the *High-Flyers* in *England* are not *Papishes* in their Hearts, then I am no *Country-man*.

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